

THE ADVENTURES OF.

OATWILLIE

The Most Thoughtful Guy in the World...

Avastintious
COMICS

★ VOLUME 1, NO. 1 ★

\$2.00
CANADA



Albert Melton
1987



The Adventures of Oat Willie copyright © 1987 Austintatious, TM Inc., P.O. Box 13549, Austin, TX 78711. "The Origin of Oat Willie" & "Oat Willie's Mid-Life Crisis" © 1987 Mariann Wizard & Jaxon. "The Return of the Governor's Words" & "Oat Willie and His Friends" © 1968 Joe Brown & Gilbert Shelton. "Nunzio, Narc 13" © 1973 Charlie Loving. "Oat Willie's Fight Song" © 1973 Lieuen Adkins & Charlie Loving. All rights reserved under International Copyright Law. No portion of this book may be reproduced without permission of copyright holder. Oat Willie TM and "Onward Thru the Fog" TM are registered trademarks of Oat Willie's Ltd., Inc.

This comic is dedicated to the mind and memory of Joe E. Brown, Jr. Special thanks to contributing artists Kerry Awn, Micael Priest and Dale Wilkins.

THE ORIGIN OF OAT WILLIE

ALL OVER THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS — AND BEYOND — HIS FAME HAS SPREAD. IN AUSTIN HIS HANDSOME LIKENESS ADORNS MURALS AND T-SHIRTS; HIS WORDS OF WISDOM APPEAR ON THOUSANDS OF BUMPER STICKERS. YET, DESPITE HIS STATUS AS A CULTURAL ICON, THE QUESTION IS STILL ASKED:

WHO TH' HECK IS OAT WILLIE?



NOW — FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE — HIS STORY CAN BE TOLD !!

During the mid-1800s, **MIGRATORY WAVES** swept across Texas from the decaying monarchies of Europe: Germans, Poles, Czechs, Wends, Swedes — all seeking **FREEDOM!**



GIVE ME YORE
TIRE, YORE POOR,
YORE HUDDLED
MASSES..

Among them were settlers from the tiny Middle European duchy of **LÖEUNSTEIN**, bringing along their peculiar Old-World superstitions, vowel-littered language, and silly-looking national costume...



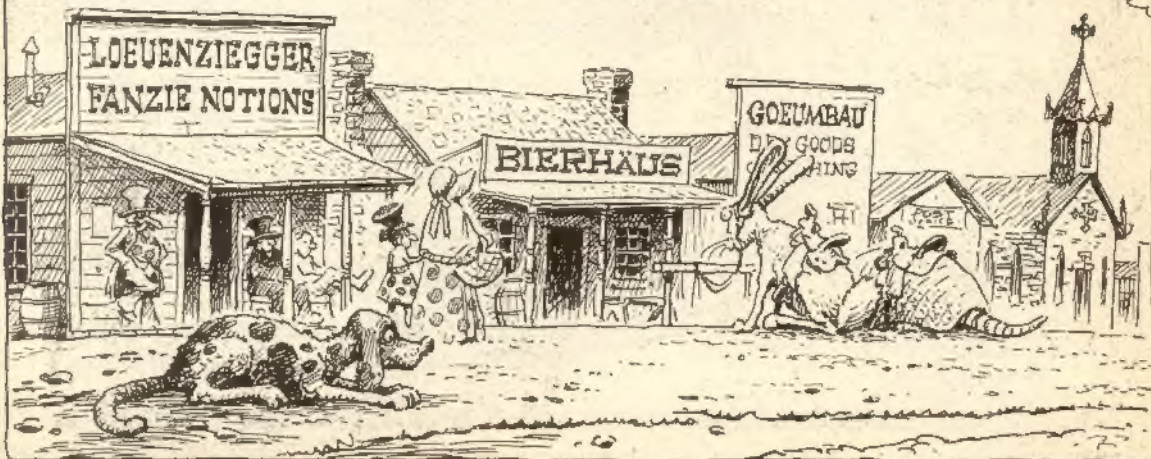
Don't step on a
CRACK... you'll wind up
in a GUNNY SACK.

My nose
ITCHES..

Somebody's comin'
vid a HOLE in der
BRITCHES!

all of which blended nicely
with the Texian lifestyle.

In the desolate Pecos River region, these Löeuensteinian pioneers founded the tiny community of **LÖEVENSPEIL**.



Each family staked out 40 acres of caliche, cleared it of mesquite brush, and planted their precious crop-seed — the renowned Lœuenstein **OATS!**



A century later, Lœuenspeil was a thriving agricultural center...



There, on April 1, 1944, a **SON** was born to third-generation Texans Whet and Wilma Willie. They named the boy "Overly Thoughtful," but everyone just called him "O.T."



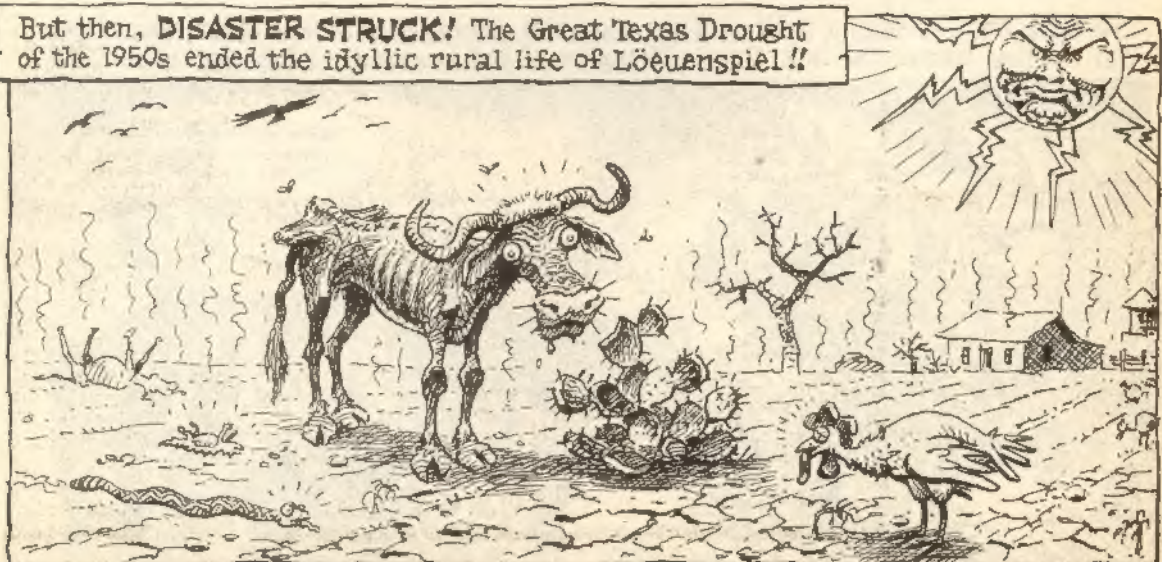
Other children soon followed and the Willies prospered. Poor in material wealth but rich in spirit, they worked hard and never went hungry...



Young O.T. and his friends studied in a one-room school and romped through the endless oat fields. Life was good, and they thought it would last forever.



But then, **DISASTER STRUCK!** The Great Texas Drought of the 1950s ended the idyllic rural life of Lœuenspiel!!



Forced to sell the family farm, the Willies moved to Houston. When the drought broke, Papa Whet promptly lived up to his name...



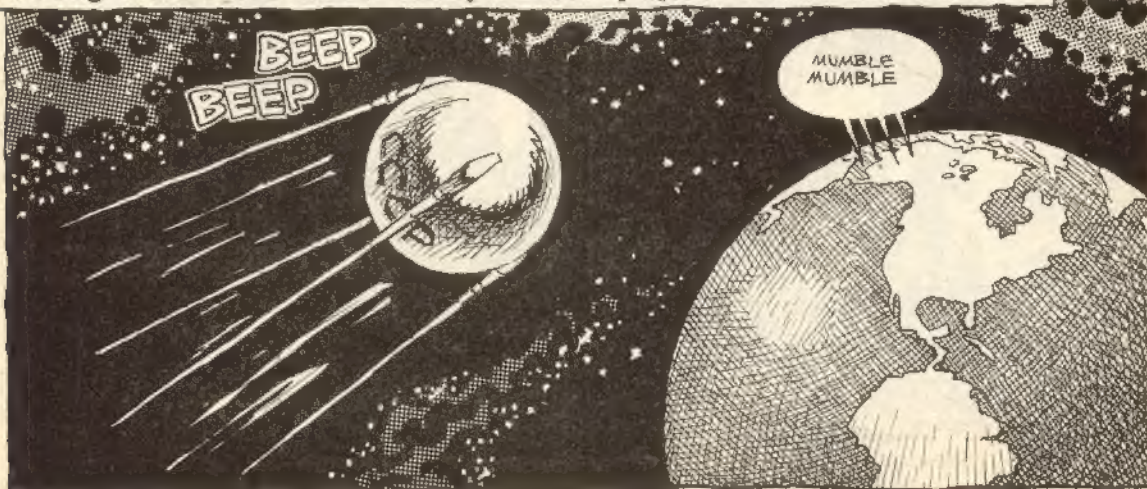
Mama Wilma supported the family, working alongside the scenic Houston ship channel.



An adolescent O.T. tried with small success to adapt to his new environment...



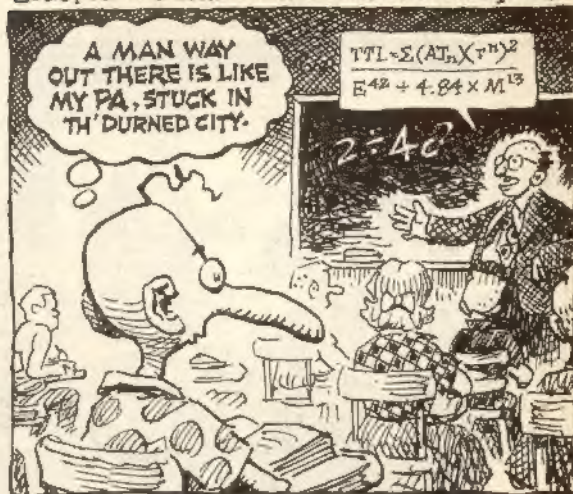
Then - in 1957 - the dat-gummed Soviet Union launched their first **SPUTNIK**, causing the U.S. of A. to be jolted by a ketch-up spasm of scientific fervor.



The **SPACE RACE** was on, and O.T. Willie, like thousands of other bright-eyed young Americans, became a science nerd.



From the beginning, however, his **AGILE MIND** grasped one fundamental truth about space.

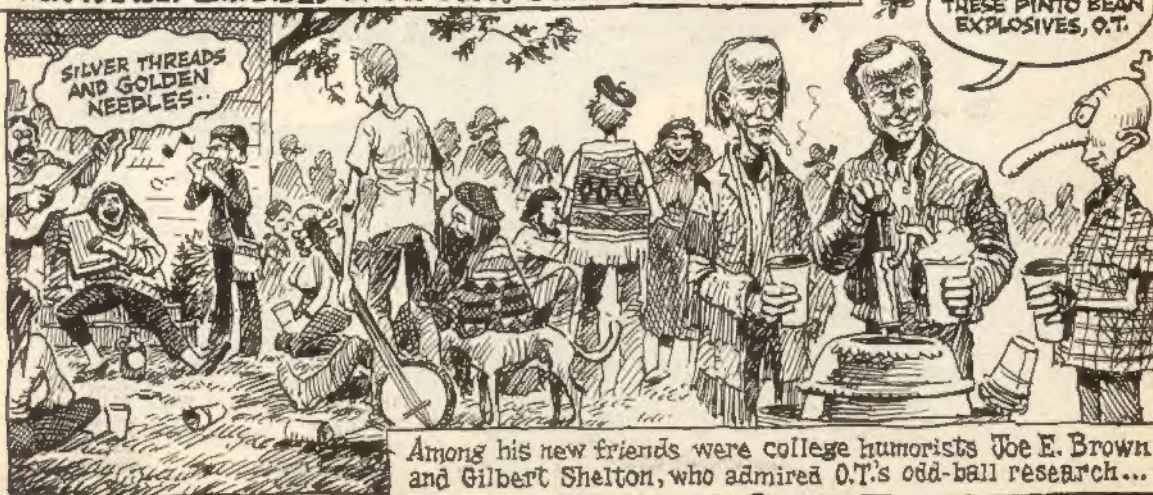


Yes, O.T. had a **DREAM**: He would develop new food crops and new bio-agricultural techniques, useable both in manned space exploration **AND** by landless farmers here on Earth!



In 1962, on a scholarship, he entered the **Big University of Texas at Austin**..

Altho his scientific studies were paramount, O.T.'s horizons were **RAPIDLY EXPANDED** at the Party School of the Southwest.



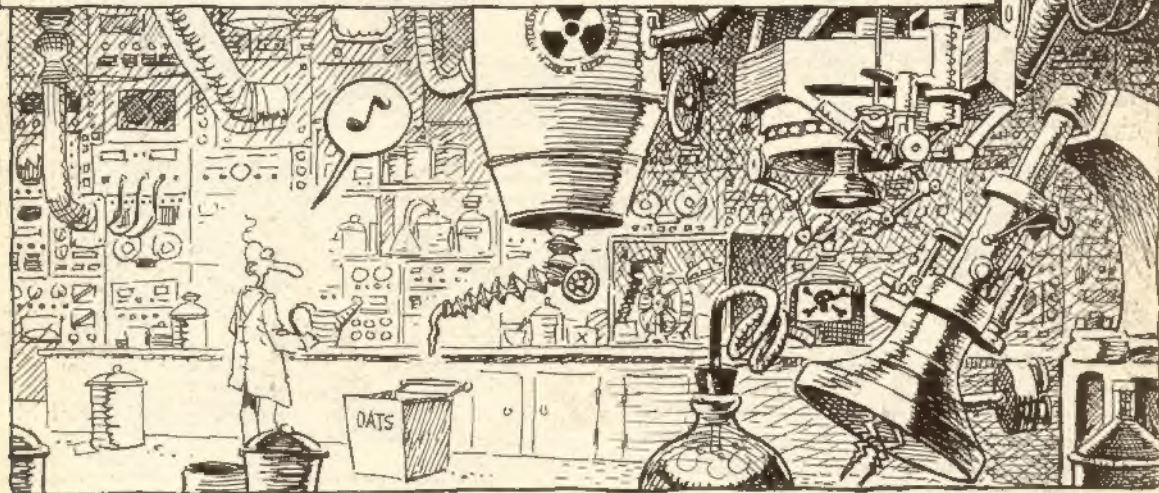
Politics, too, claimed his attention. He ardently supported young President Kennedy, who pledged Americans success in space and equality at home.



Thus the stage was set, when **FATE** and **TRAGEDY** took a hand...

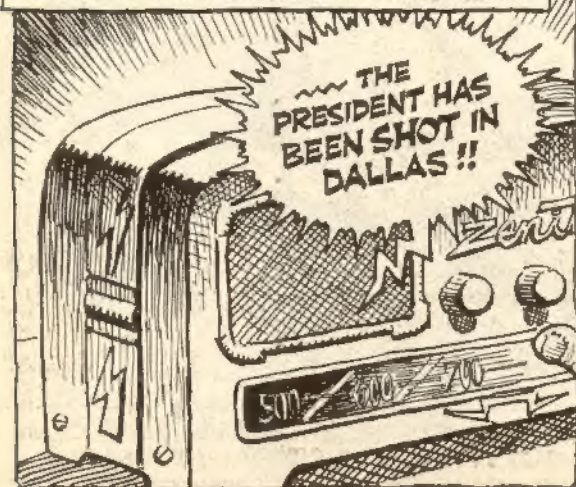


On a sunny day in late November 1963, O.T. was in the lab, setting up a critical experiment with **OAT SEEDS** his family had grown in Lœuenspiel.

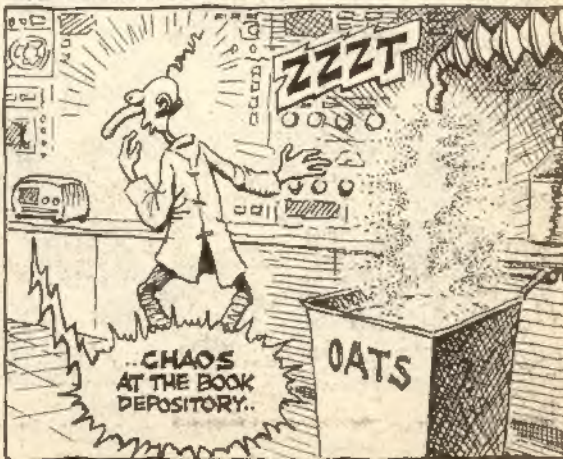


He turned on the radio just in time to hear a **STUNNING ANNOUNCEMENT**

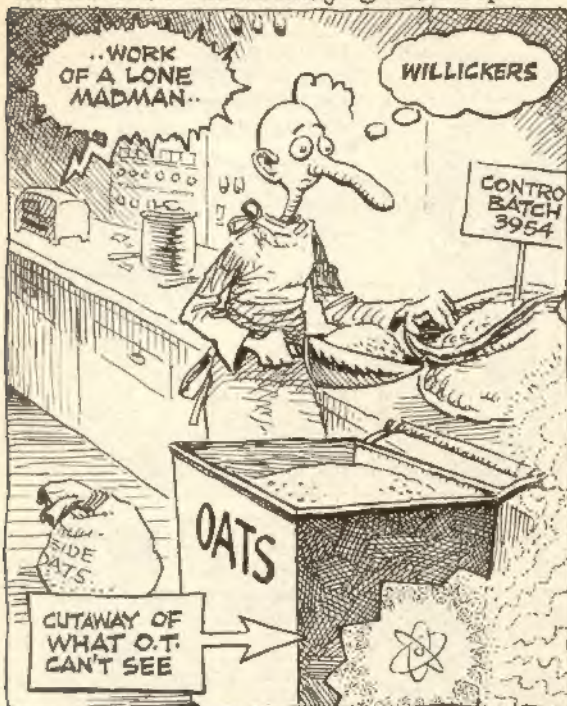
THE
PRESIDENT HAS
BEEN SHOT IN
DALLAS !!



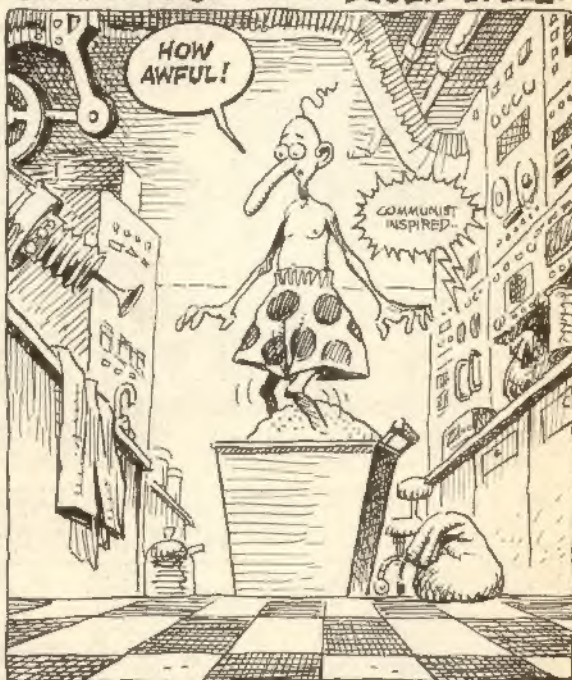
Thunderstruck, he failed to notice that his hand had brushed a control knob, releasing **RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS** into his oat bucket !



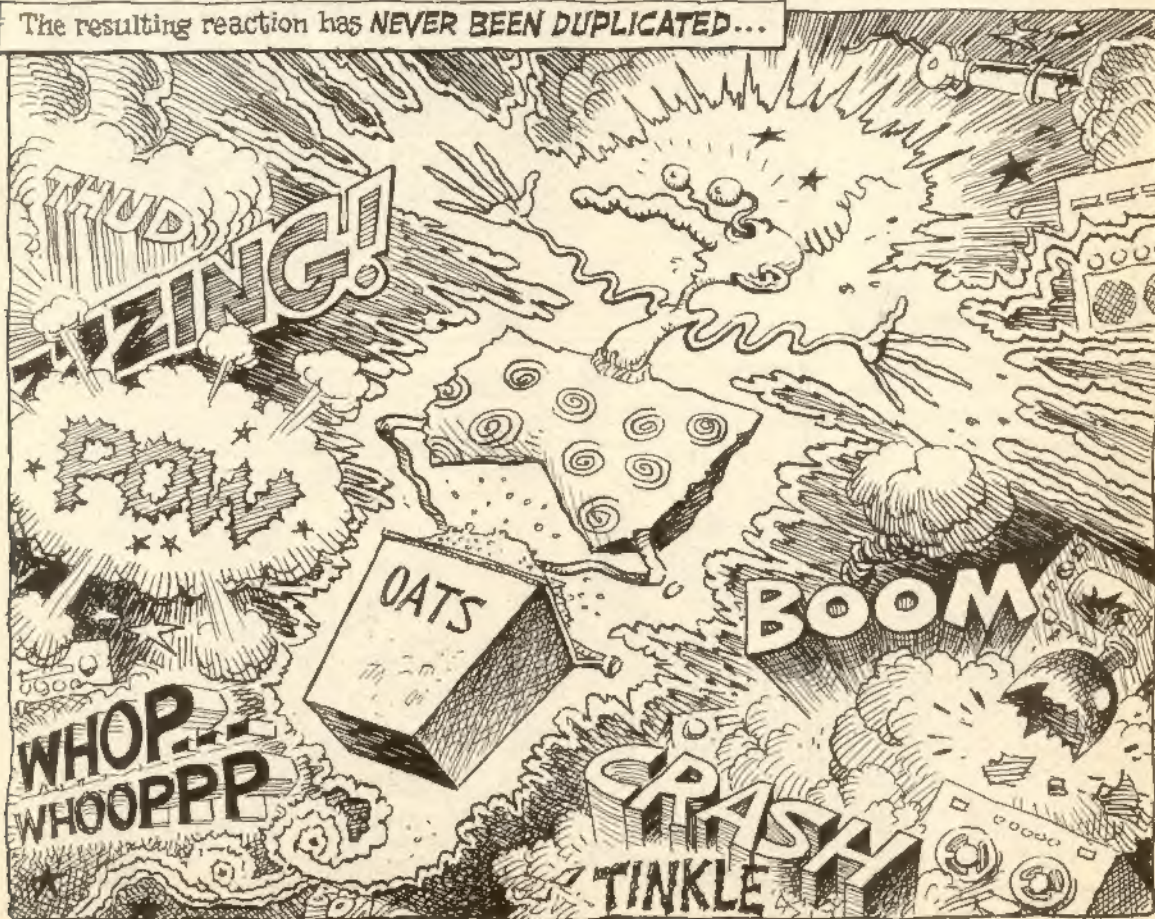
O.T. conscientiously continued his work as he listened to the horrifying radio report.



In the manner of old Löeuensteinian brewers, he climbed into his fermentation container and began the oat **SQUASH CYCLE**.



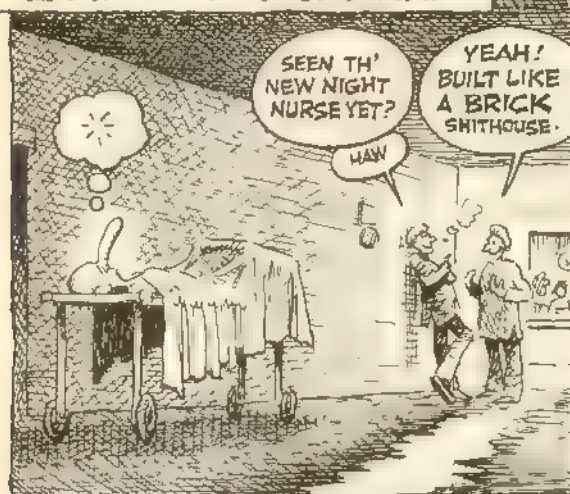
The resulting reaction has **NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED...**



O.T. was rushed to the nearest emergency room, unconscious. There seemed little hope.



For hours skilled medical technicians labored over the unfortunate lad...



At last the head physician delivered the **VERDICT** to O.T.'s anxious parents...



In addition, he suffered the loss of his **LUX-URIANT HAIR**! Only temporary, they said..



Eminent experts and highly-qualified quacks from all over the country examined O.T. during the next few painful months.



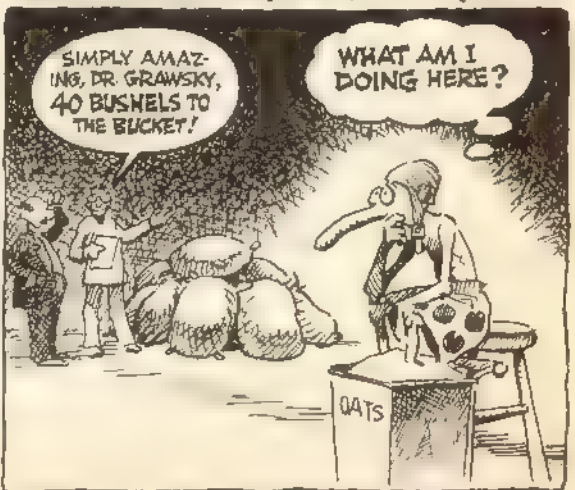
In his travail, there were only two happy moments for the young researcher turned-research-subject. His fellow students, cheering his inadvertent destruction of the science lab, bestowed upon him a cherished **NICKNAME**.



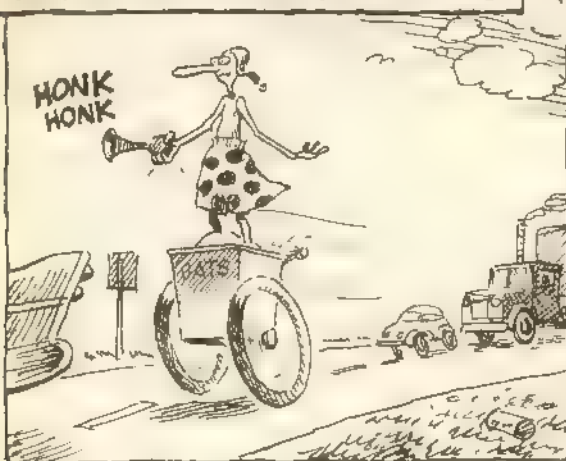
And the oat seeds in his bucket, like harbingers of new life, sprouted and began to **GROW**.



As the novelty of his unique handicap wore off, Oat Willie faced the quintessential question.



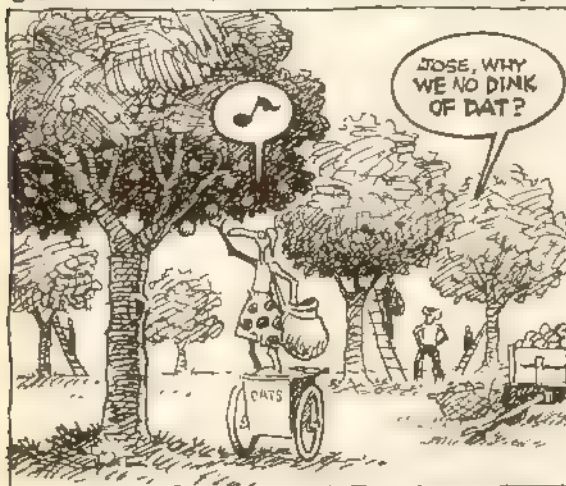
Like thousands of other young seekers, Oat **TOOK TO THE ROAD**, adding wheels to his bucket to avoid illegal hitchhiking.



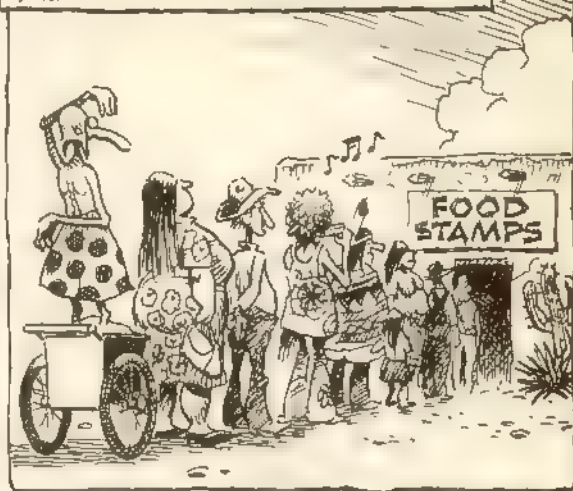
In the Deep South, he was refused service at a drugstore lunch counter, inspiring a massive sit-in.



In Wisconsin he picked apples alongside migrant workers from the Rio Grande Valley.



In New Mexico he joined a commune and learned to live off the land.



At last he reached San Francisco, fabled mecca of the Beat Generation, just in time to witness the Hippie Explosion and the "summer of love."



On his way to hear a Texas band play a free concert at Golden Gate Park, Oat was offered a "hit" of LSD...




A cartoon illustration of a man in a polka-dot suit standing on a barrel, shouting "THIS MUSIC IS.. LOUD." into a thought bubble. A crowd of people is gathered around him, and a speech bubble from the crowd says "YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME BABY". The background shows a small town with houses and trees.

A black and white illustration of a man with a very long nose, wearing a polka-dot dress, standing in a field. He is surrounded by various patterned objects like a checkered blanket, a polka-dot blanket, and a checkered blanket. In the foreground, there are two large wheels and a small figure.

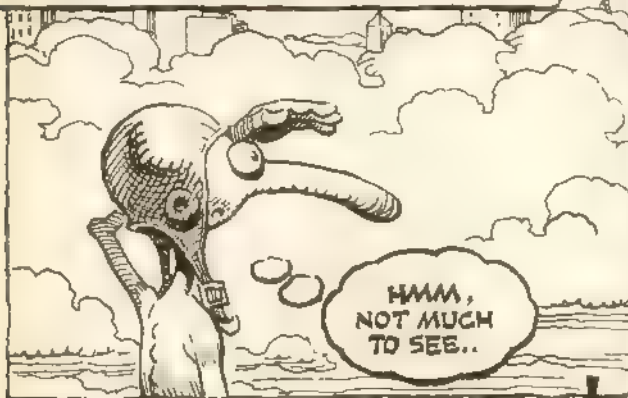
Warning to Readers:
Now, in the Enlightened
Eighties, everyone knows
that LSD can DEFINITELY
turn your brain to moldy
cheese and PROBABLY
tarnish the glitter on
your chromozones. Don't
say we didn't tell you!

Your
Responsible
Editors



A cartoon illustration of a hand holding a photograph of the Statue of Liberty. A speech bubble from the hand says "SOMETHING... CALLING ME..". The background is filled with wavy lines representing water.

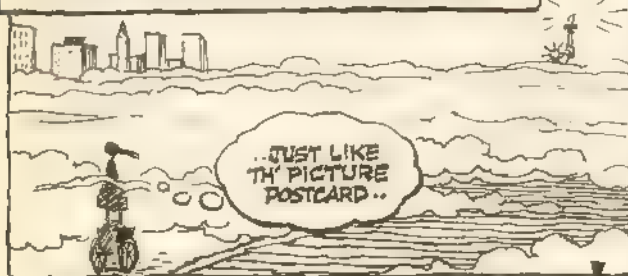
Six weeks later, Oat rolled into the Big Apple. It was blanketed with the thickest, gooey-ist, most impenetrable **FOG** in recorded history!



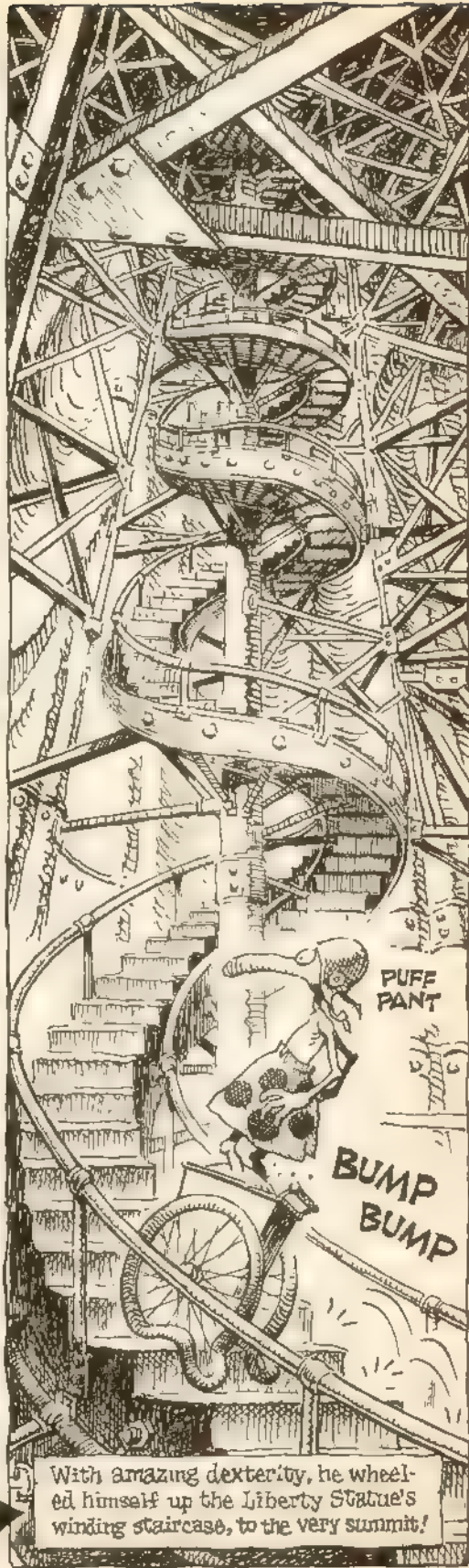
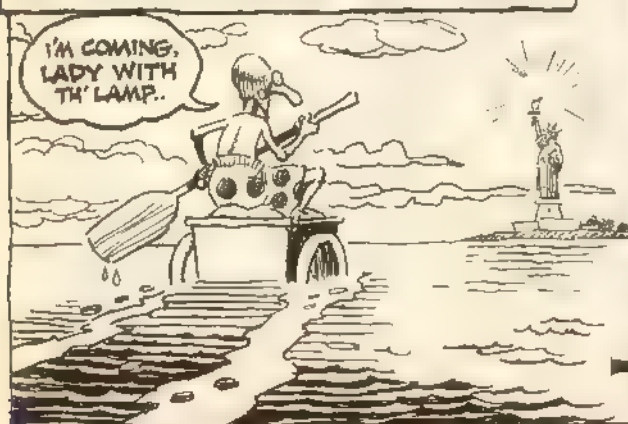
The piteous cries of stranded motorists plucked at Oat Willie's tender heart strings.



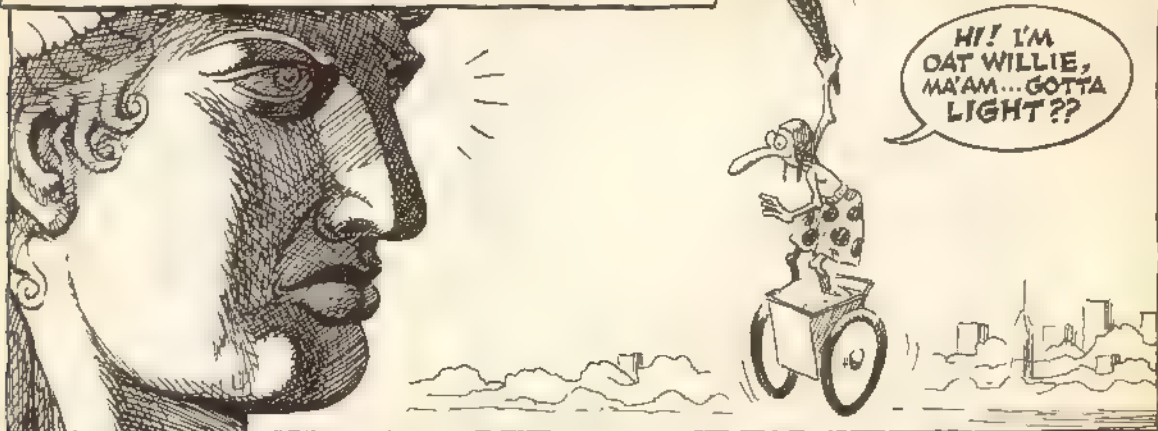
Above the fog, he saw a glimmer of light, and knew that he'd found the **ANSWER!**



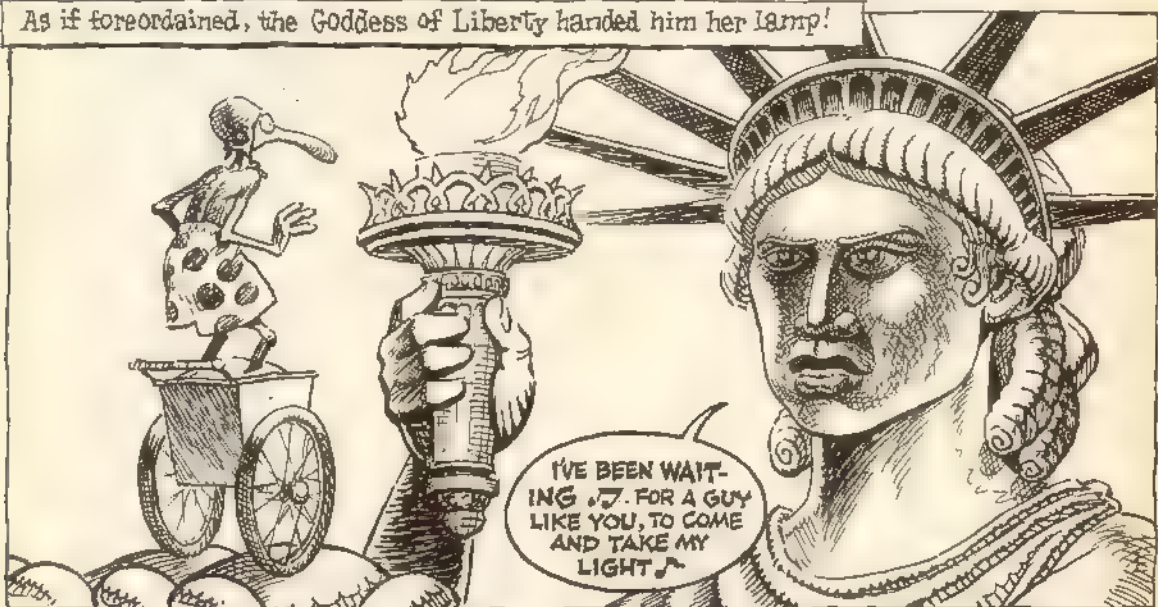
Fortunately, (as Oat never learned to swim), his bucket floated him right out to Liberty Island.



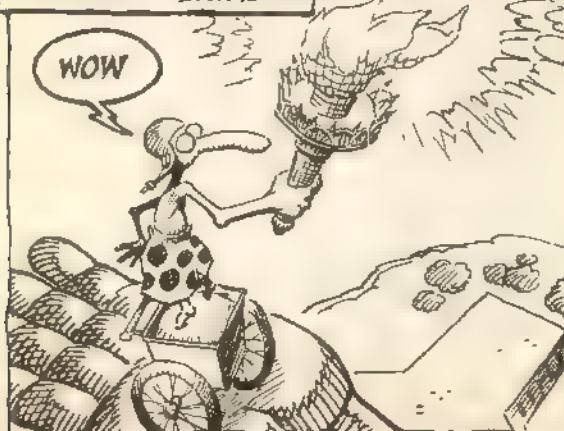
Guided by an irresistible impulse, Oat climbed out on the statue's crown and **INTRODUCED HIMSELF...**



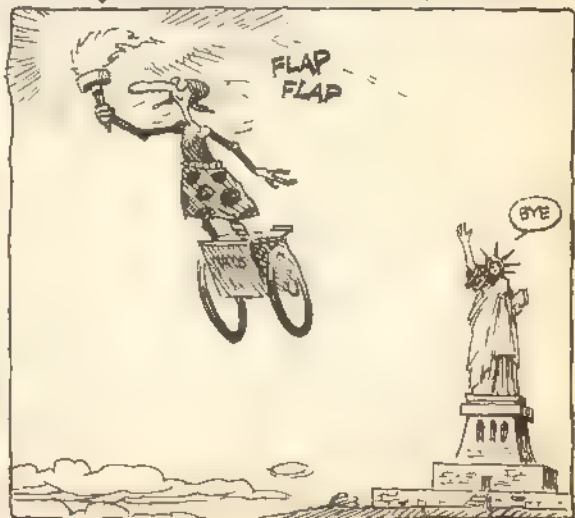
As if foreordained, the Goddess of Liberty handed him her lamp!



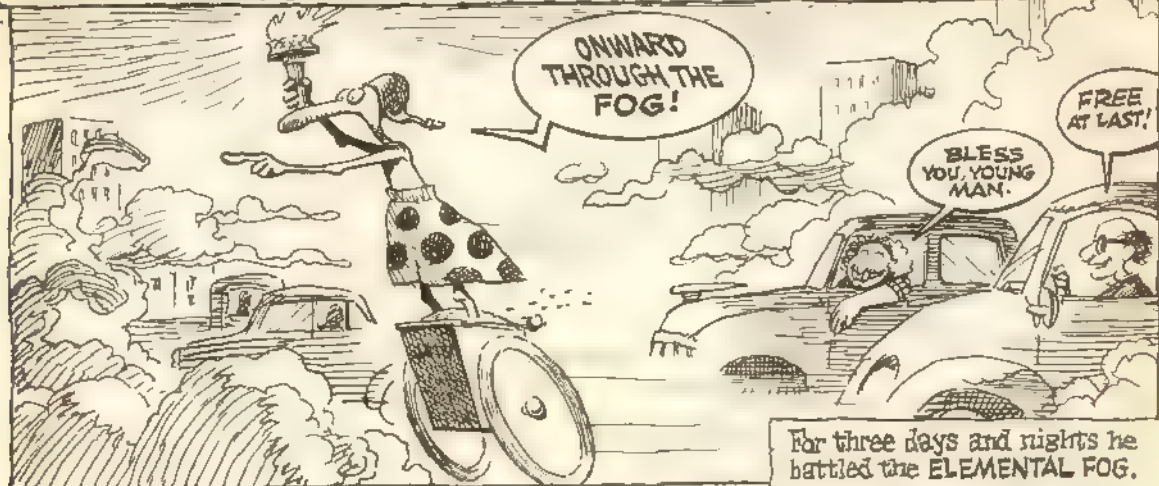
THEN, the awesome changes wrought by the al-
chemy of radon, LSD, clean living, and a life-
time fiber diet were **REVEALED**, as the lamp
continued to **SHINE** —



— lit by Oat Willie's own **RADI-OAT-TIVITY!!**



Racing back through Manhattan's snarled streets, Oat Willie led the fog-bound motorists to safety, giving them hope with his now-famous clarion call:



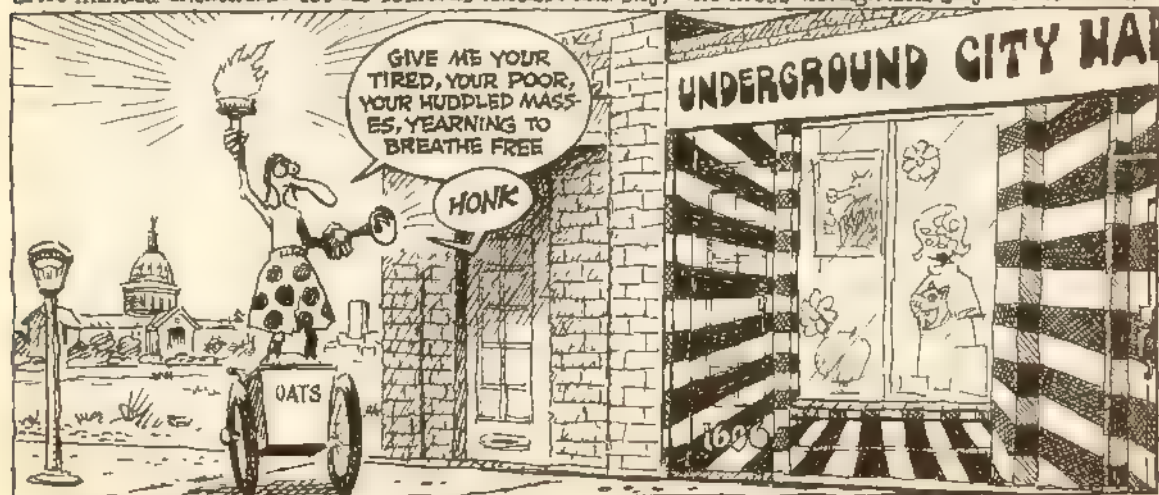
But on the fourth day, the fog skulked away, revealing a city without a single traffic jam!



Exhausted, Oat barely made it to his friends' place before collapsing with a fervent plea.



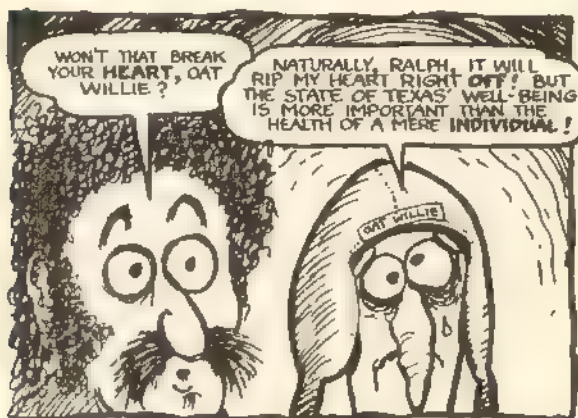
Back home in Austin, they went into business, opening a "head" shop, only one of Oat Willie's many civic-minded endeavors. Yet he remains modest and shy, "the most thoughtful guy in the world."



the RETURN OF THE GOVERNOR'S WORDS

STARRING
OAT WILLIE

"THE MOST THOUGHTFUL GUY IN THE WORLD"



Citizens Of Texas!!

Has Oat Willie died in vain? Are there none among you who would slander the Connally administration so that the Governor will run again and save Texas from guffaw rule? We need defamations and we need them soon as the filing deadline is February 5th. Get a pencil and paper now and DEFARE THE CONNALLY ADMINISTRATION. Nail your slanders to:

Please Run John
The Rag
609 W. 23rd St
Underground City Mall
1606 Lavaca

They will be forwarded to the mansion before the deadline. Hurry! Remember...your defamation might be the one to persuade the governor to seek another term.

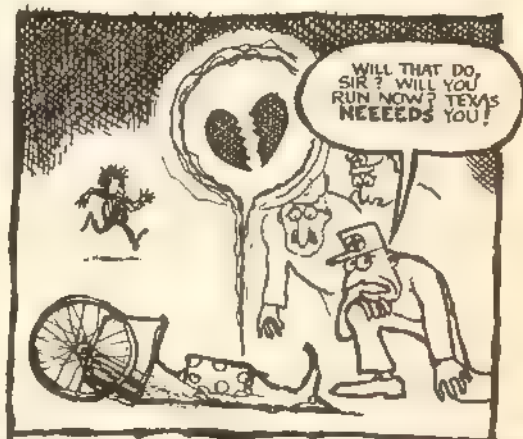
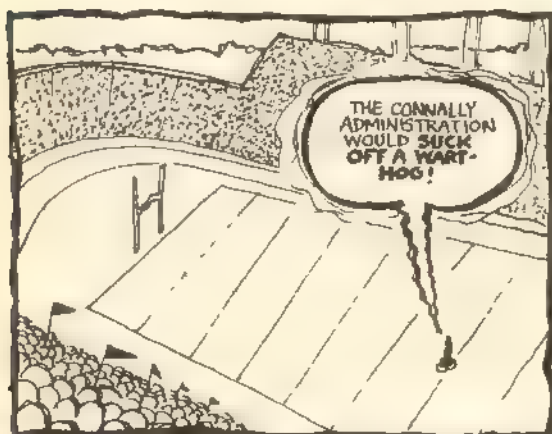
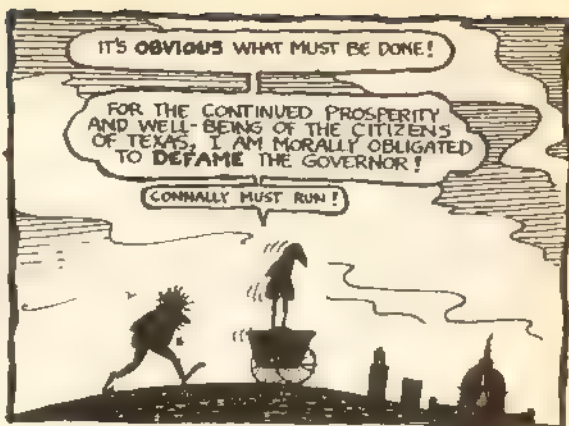
By Tom Brown & Gilbert Shelton

"(If a governor) serves four terms...he will...dominate every board, commission and authority in this state...I am unalterably oposed to that in principle." - John Connally, 2/62

After the Kennedy-Johnson Presidential win in 1961, John Connally was asked to run for Lyndon Johnson's Senate seat. He refused. Republican John Tower was elected. Despite Connally's attitude, Kennedy appointed him Navy Secretary. But Connally left Washington to run for governor of Texas.

Governor Connally named W. St. John Garwood as a University of Texas Regent. Garwood was rejected by the Texas Senate. Connally then named Frank C. Erwin, Jr. Regents' Chairman Erwin called students "dirty nothin's" and had trees bulldozed with protesters in them. He purged U.T. of its best officials and professors. Garwood's widow recently donated a helicopter to the Nicaraguan contras.

In Nov. '63, Kennedy came to Texas to patch up a feud between Governor Connally and



U.S. Sen. Ralph Yarborough. He didn't have time. Connally was hit by the same bullet (Warren Commission) which felled JFK. He looked for someone to oppose Yarborough's re-election to the Senate, but Lyndon Johnson wanted Democratic unity in Texas while he sought a full term as President. Connally re-announced for Governor with his arm still in a sling and was re-elected by a record vote. He ignored Yarborough's race against Republican oil millionaire, now-Vice-President, **George Bush**. In '65, Connally won a third term, but he was bored. A remodeled office, 86K airplane, and 10K limousine didn't revive his spirits. Texas governors don't have much real power, after all. Big John was tired of signing autographs and meeting people - unless they were close personal friends of his campaign contributors, of course. On Oct. 3, '67, Connally told some of these friends at the Governor's Mansion that he wouldn't run for a fourth term.

The citizenry and establishment press reeled! "We selfishly ask that he go the extra mile," Dallas Times Herald. "The office is yours for the taking," Wichita Falls Times. **Lloyd Bentsen**, Houston insurance executive who later beat out Yarborough for the Senate, said after a closed-door meeting at which Connally was asked to reconsider, "There is a general demand that this man continue in office." On Nov. 10, Connally officially said he wouldn't run. But it was thought that his arch-foe, Yarborough, might. Connally, always one to leave his options open, said he might reconsider "if a campaign of personal vilification or abuse or character assassination" were waged against him before the Feb. 5, '68 filing deadline.

And so **Oat Willie**, only months after returning to Austin as a "hip" entrepreneur, Heard the Call and Gave his All for Texas. Unaccountably, the usually sensitive Connally was unmoved by Oat's sacrifice, preoccupied with "bigger dreams" as he approached that Crossroads of Conscience which would eventually lead him to desert the Party of his Forefathers and become a Scalawag Republican.

OAT WILLIE

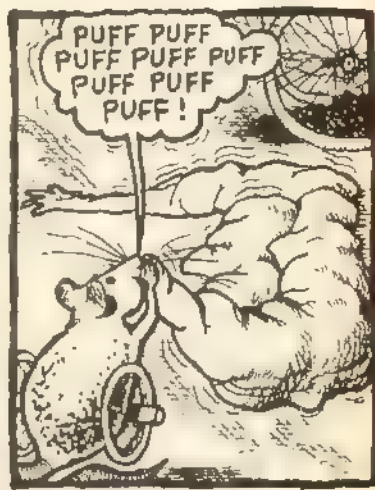
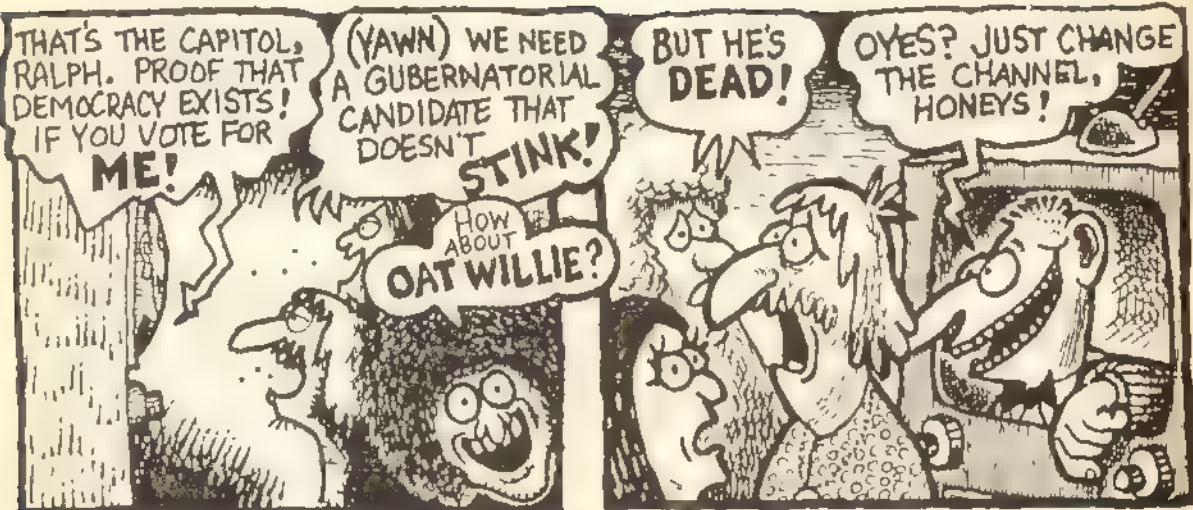
by Joe Brown

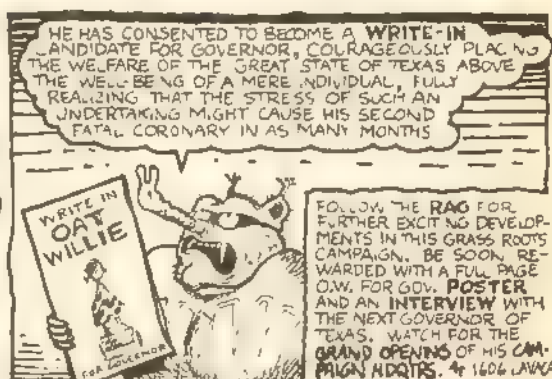
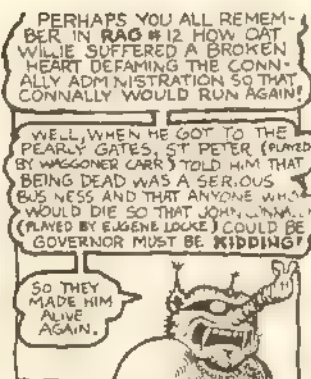
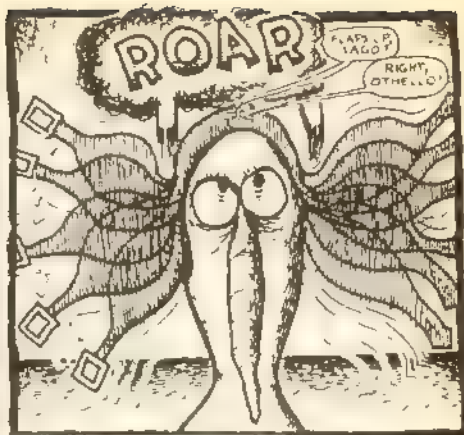
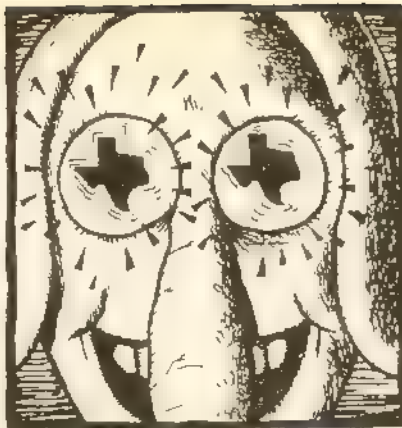
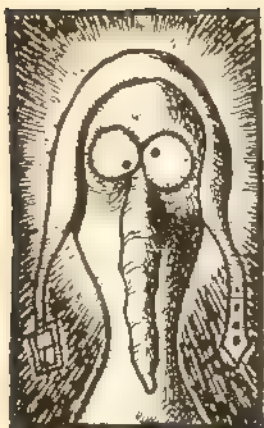
AND

and

HIS FRIENDS

Gilbert Shelton





Resurrected and born again, Oat Willie, with his friends, transformed Underground City Hall into Oat Willie's Campaign Headquarters, which still dispenses mind accessories, imported and hand-crafted gifts, posters and campaign buttons to the denizens of Austin. Although Oat's '68 campaign to be Governor of Texas did not meet victory, **HIS DAY WILL COME!** By the way, Connally's hand-picked successor, Eugene Locke, finished fifth in the '68 Democratic primary, despite his catchy campaign jingle, "Yew-gene Locke should be governor of Texas..."

Gleaned from Ann Fears Crawford and Jack Keever's book, John B. Connally: Portrait in Power, Jenkins Publ. Co., Austin, TX, 1973.

"Oat Willie Should Be Governor of Texas! - The Governor of Texas Should Be Oat Willie!"

by Freddie "Flash" Freeman

"Swinging on the rope of hope that hangs from the tree of chance," Oat Willie returned to Austin Thursday night to launch his campaign to become governor of Texas and save the state for the people.

Your humbled and awed reporter was fortunate to have been present at the Vulcan Gas Company as Oat Willie (so recently returned through God's loving providence from that land of peaceful souls of which so very few can speak) greeted his friends and entertained them with a few of his songs.

Word of Oat Willie's resurrection had been quietly spread abroad and an intimate party of approximately 58 (three adjutant gurus, five rock bandmasters, our local BooHoo, fourteen narks, five red squad members, a bodhisattva, four wood nymphs - three of whom were in such a state of rapture that they had to be propped up by the fourth and her fiancé, - two SDS regional travellers, six mixed media artists, four recently fired professors, three expectant revolutionaries representing 23 splinter groups and dissident factions, a regent, three experienced observers of the capital city scene, Oat Willie's old friend Tom Bombadil, several assorted heads and your reporter) gathered in reverence and joy to welcome home the little man from whom so much is still expected.

Immediately before his appearance, Oat Willie was generous enough to meet with this reporter and answer some questions for *The Rag*. Throughout the interview, Oat Willie remained standing in his mobile oat bin, drawing strength and courage from the 350 lbs. of tepid oatmeal which always accompanies him. But despite his awkward posture, Willie's inner serenity made the interview as relaxed as if we were chatting over tea in his private study.



Physically Oat Willie does not seem an imposing person, with his frail and bony body dressed only, as it always is, in his casual garb of polka dot underpants (boxer cut), "Lucky Lindy" leather helmet, and oatmeal. But one senses immediately the quiet determination and respect for his fellow human beings that set Willie apart from ordinary men. One feels that here is a man ready to set aside personal advantage to achieve for our state a brighter day than it has seen in many a year.

Oat Willie consented to make all his remarks for the record.

F.(F.)F.: "Willie, our readers all know the story of your recent death and the urgent circumstances that have called you back to the governor's race, but many say that being away from Texas has put you out of touch with the people and their problems. Do you feel this is so?"

O.W.: "While in the spirit world, I was not limited by geographical distance. Spirit waves reach everywhere with equal swiftness and without limit. So, no I don't."

F.(F.)F.: "Do you have a large staff?"

O.W.: "Oh, yes. Wonder Warthog and Desanex have promised support."

F.(F.)F.: "What exactly will be Wonder Warthog's role in your campaign?"

O.W.: "Well, Wonder has said that if the other candidates give me a rough time, he, personally, will come around and lean on them - real hard."

F.(F.)F.: "Some people have questioned whether well moneyed interests are supporting your campaign."

O.W.: "How much money would that be?"

F.(F.)F.: "I mean, do the oil companies support you?"

O.W.: "No."

F.(F.)F.: "What about the oat companies?"

O.W.: "No. But I do think oatmeal is useful for everybody."

F.(F.)F.: "One thing that has puzzled many people is whether you will be in the Democratic or Republican primary."

O.W.: "I'm not in either; I'm a write-in candidate in the November elections. If anyone votes for me in either primary that is all right. But I think people should vote in the primary for whom they would like to vote against in November."

F.(F.)F.: "What are some of the planks of your platform?"

O.W.: "Removal of fences from school yards and denying access to autos for five blocks around schools. That would be a start. Rather than abolish autos, we would just restrain them, like birth control. I had thought of abolishing the sales tax, but instead I would now abolish money."

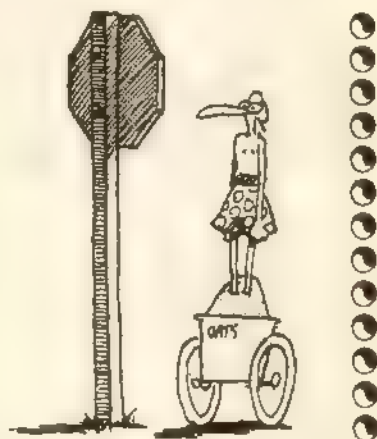
"Another thing is channeling bureaucracy into useful functions. For instance, utilizing our state's natural resources. We have many benign and useful plants that are not being used."

F.(F.)F.: "Would you call your program one of love?"

O.W.: "Love only in the sense of oats. I don't like everyone, but if I don't like them I still won't do anything to them."

F.(F.)F.: "Do you think your hopes will be realized soon?"

O.W.: "Not for 100 or 200 years in Texas, but we have to start somewhere and not just stand still. It would be a new beginning."



F.(F.)F.: "Do you have a slogan that sums up your campaign and philosophy?"

O.W.: "Yes: Put the Power Back on the Shelf."

F.(F.)F.: "Can you explain that?"

O.W.: "It can't be explained. It takes a mystic experience to understand it."

At this point the calls for Oat Willie to speak to his friends became so insistent that he excused himself and turned toward the podium.

As I watched Oat Willie and his bin move away, I could not but contemplate the momentous changes that Texas could expect under this self-sacrificing and visionary leader. Slowly, a melody began to form in my head, a rousing, patriotic anthem, a sign of things great and noble. And then I heard a mighty chorus singing: "Oat Willie should be governor of Texas! The governor of Texas should be Oat Willie!"

NUNZIO

HARC
13

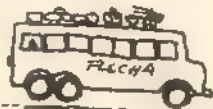
NUNZIO AT HOME
IN 1987. RETIRED
AND HAPPY...

NUNZIO HON THE
GARAGE NEEDS...

NUNZIO GOES OUT TO THE GARAGE
AND BECOMES BOGGED DOWN IN THE
OLD MEMORIES

HAHAHA... OLD HIGH TIMES... AH
THE FOND MEMORIES OF THE
GOOD OLD DAYS... ACTION...
ADVENTURE...

INCognito TO MEXICO
CITY MEET MY CONTACT.
ROUND TRIP \$12.



HOW DO I
FIND PEDRO?



PEDRO?

SI SI SI SI SI



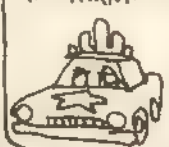
NUNZIO?



I AM CAPT
GUZMAN



WE ARE UNDER
THE COVER. I
WILL TALK YOU TO
THE FARM.



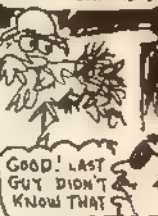
THERE



HERE COMES A
DOPE TRUCK YOU
GET IN AND SNEAK
INTO THE FARM
ALTO!

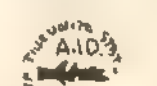


THIS IS CANNIBIS

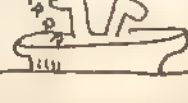


GOOD! LAST
GUY DIDN'T
KNOW THAT?

MASSEY FERGUSON
BALER



GRRR



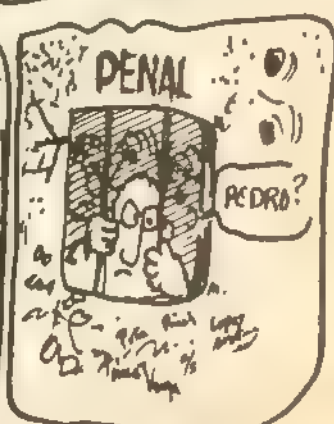
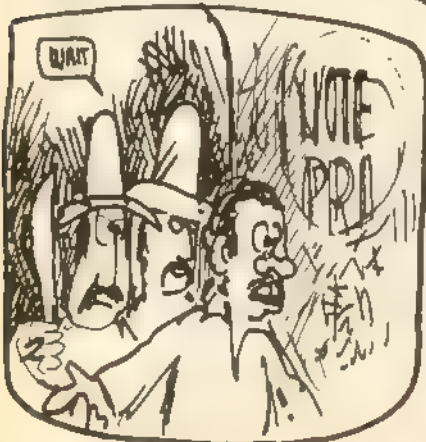
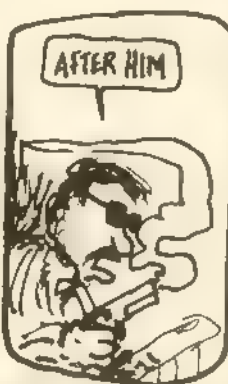
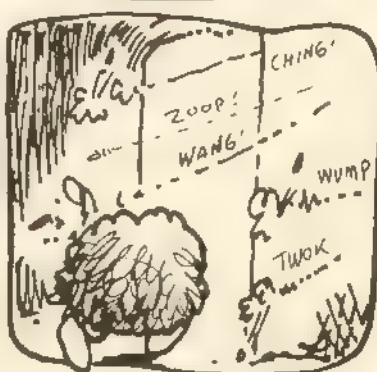
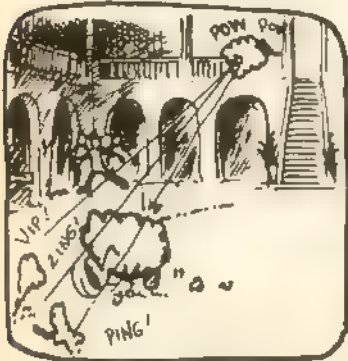
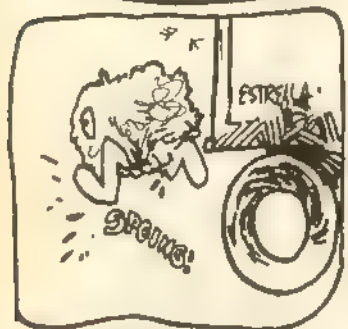
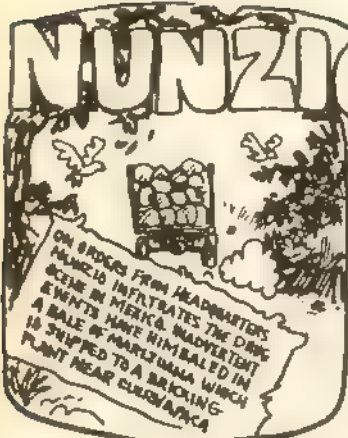
GOO



GOO



NUNZIO



BACK TO THE PRESENT...

TRASH, TRASH, SHE CAUS IT. I RECAN HER GIVING ME A SUBSCRIPTION TO HIGH TIMES.. BACK WHEN SHE DIDN'T WEAR A BRA.. AND DID OBSCENE THINGS.. IN THE NAME OF THE LAW...

DON'T LET THE LITTLE ONES READ THISTRASH

YES DEAR

DAD, IS THIS WHAT PEOPLE CALL A FUCK BOOK?

I LUST

FBI

HEY DAD ITS TIME FOR LITTLE LEAGUE..

DAD, WHY DO YOU KEEP ALL THIS HIPPIY STUFF?

DISGUISE

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

SPORTSMANSHIP IS ESSENTIAL.. ITS NOT HOW YOU.. ITS HOW YOU..

OK BOYS, WE'RE 0-7.. WE'RE PLAYING FOR PRIDE.. OUR PRIDE.. YOUR PARENTS PRIDE.. YOUR BIRTH RIGHT.. THE HONOR OF THE TEAM.. WE'RE THE ZOT. SO LETS GO OUT AND KICK..

ONE, TWO, THREE ZOT! ZOT!

YEAH

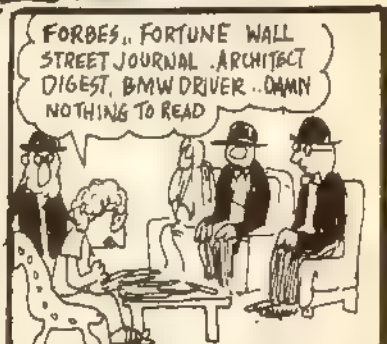
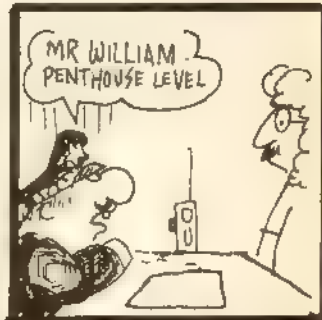
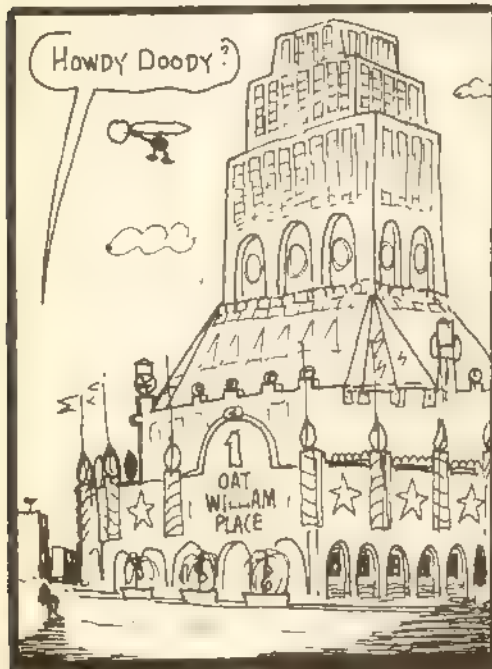
LATER

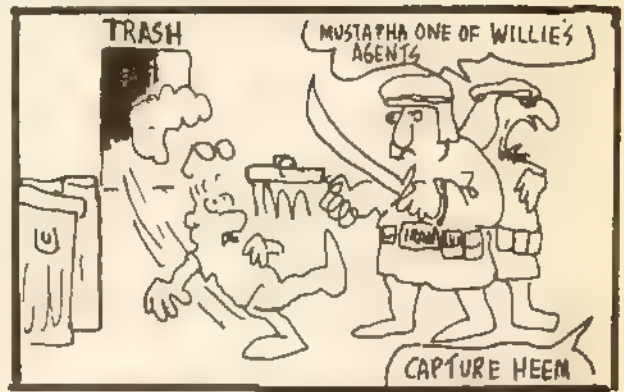
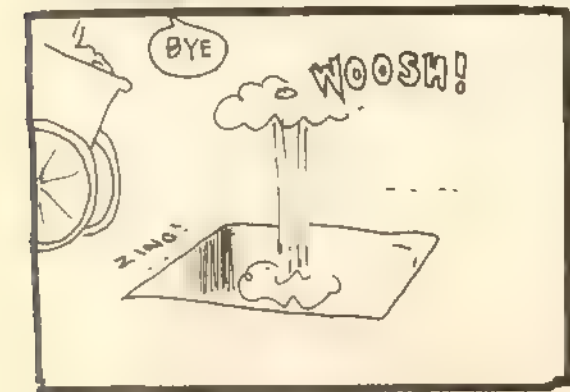
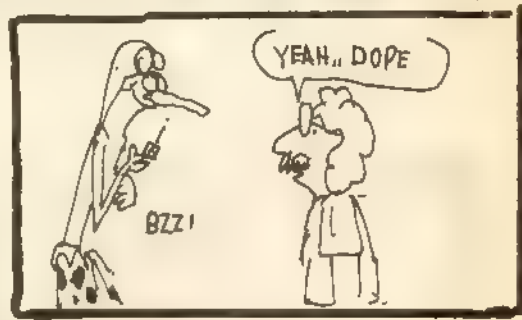
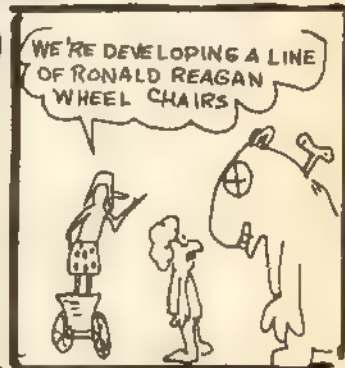
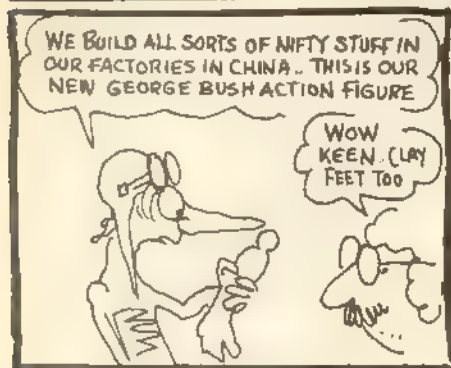
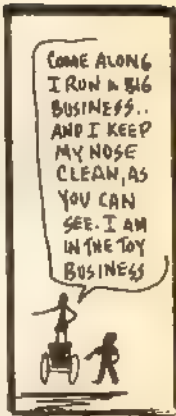
AGENT 13

KILL Z

I HAVE A PROPOSITION

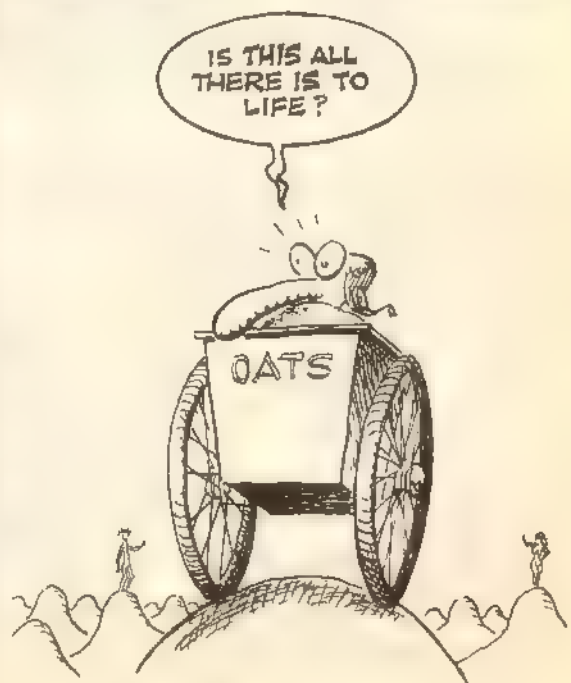
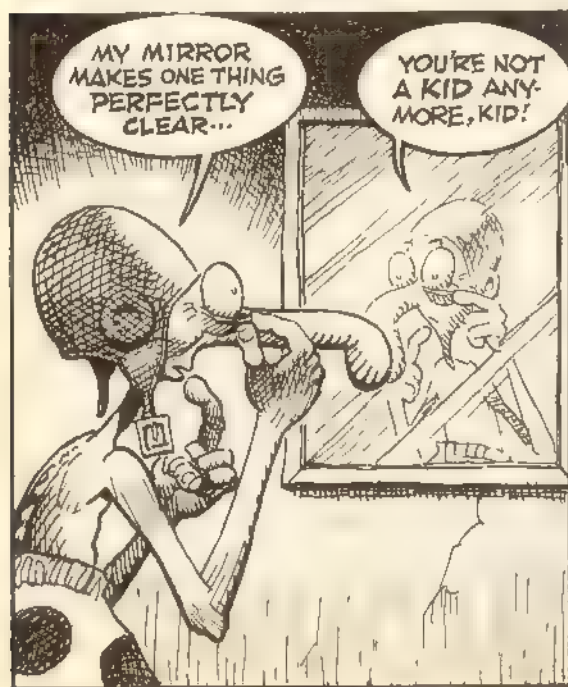
OUT OF RETIREMENT FULL PAY.. A GUN.



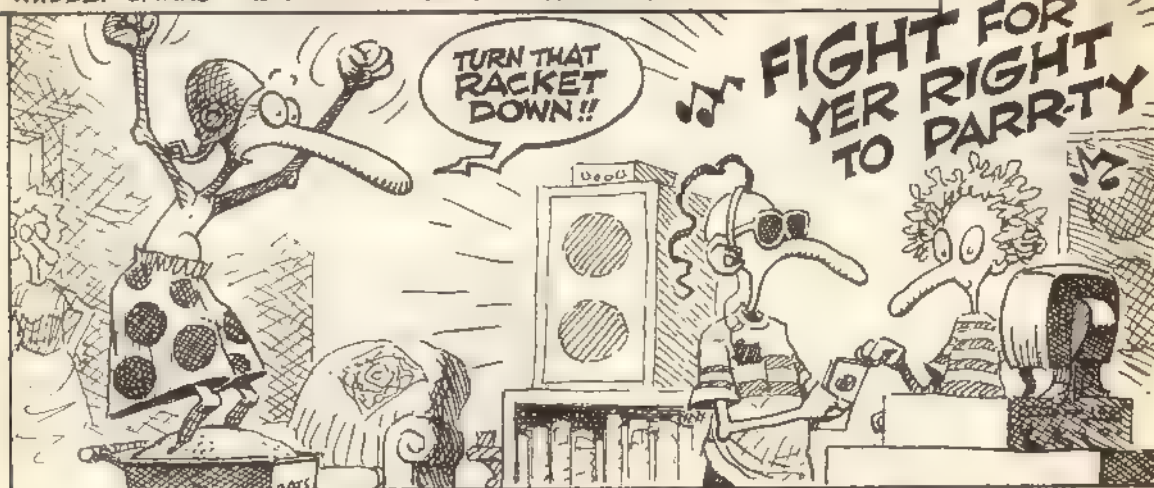


TO BE CONTINUED...

OAT WILLIE'S MID-LIFE CRISIS



REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO SMUGLY SAY, "WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US AGAINST?" WELL, LATELY I'VE FOUND MYSELF SAYING THE SAME THINGS MY PARENTS USED TO SAY TO ME!



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OUR DREAMS ???



**RING!!
RING!!**

. CLICK..

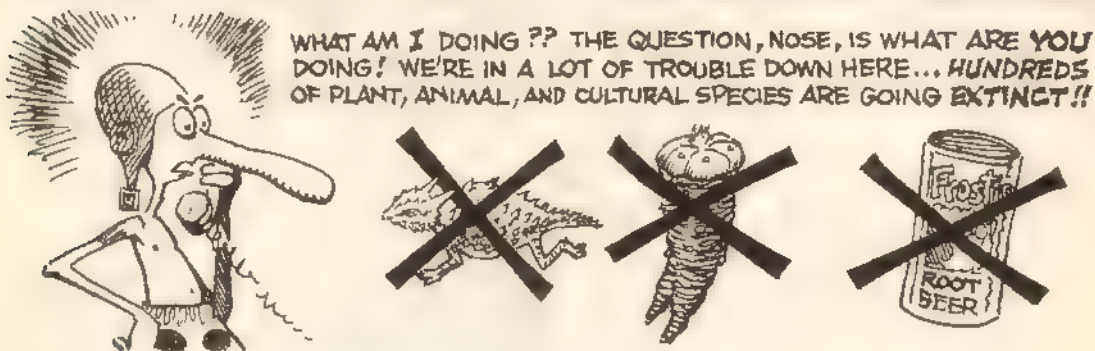
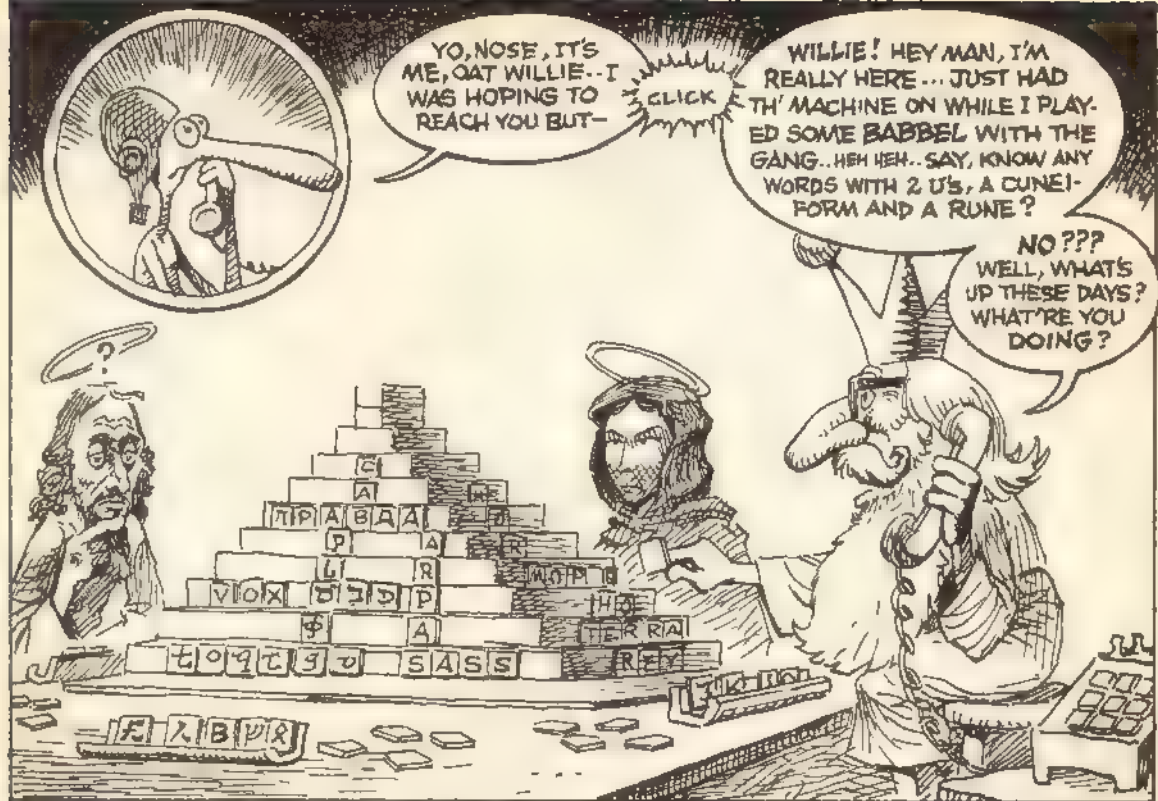
WE'RE GLAD YOU PHONED
SORRY, GOD'S NOT HOME
BUT HE'LL BE BACK
BEFORE TOO LONG

HE'S ON THE COAST
WITH THE HOLY GHOST
JUST LEAVE YOUR NAME
WITH TH' HEAVEN'LY HOST

WE GIVE A HOOT
AS DOES TH' SNOOT
SO SPEAK RIGHT UP
WHEN YOU HEAR GABE TOOT!

BLAAAAAT!!

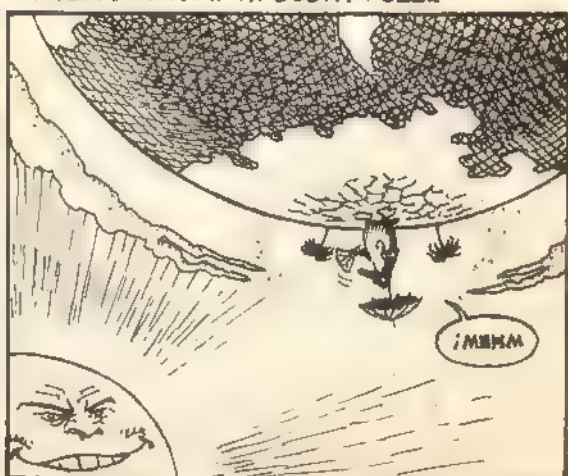




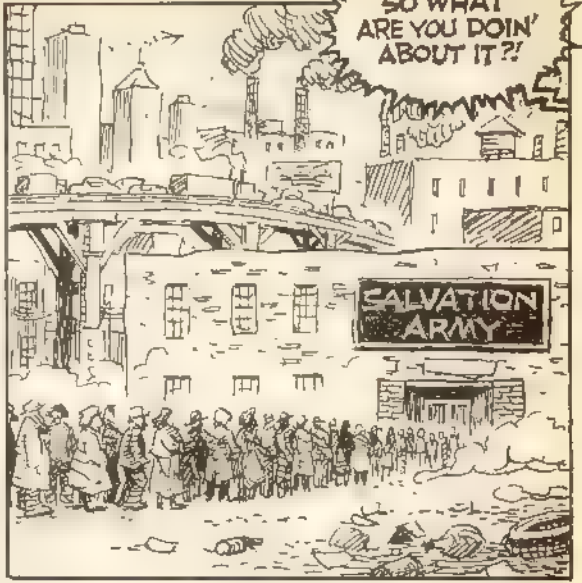
"THEY'RE DESTROYING THE WORLD'S RAIN FORESTS TO MAKE PAPER BAGS!"



"THERE'S A HOLE IN THE OZONE LAYER DOWN AT TH' SOUTH POLE!!"



EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE GO HUNGRY AND HOMELESS..



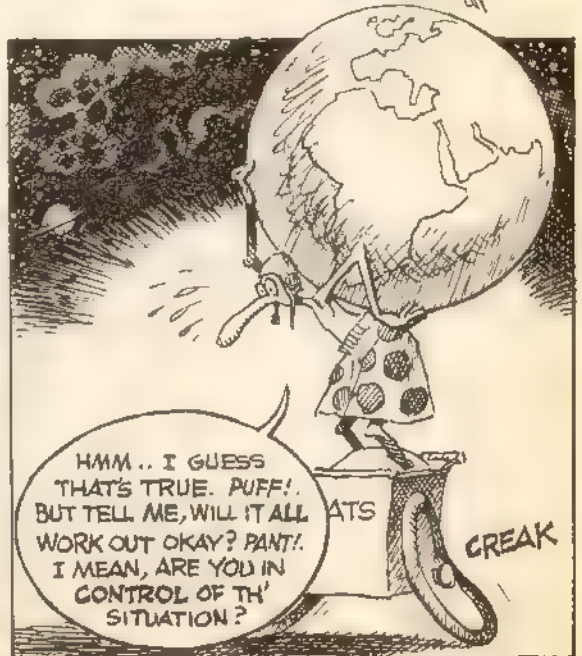
OH, I SEE! GETTING A LITTLE UPTIGHT ABOUT MORTALITY, ARE WE?

WELL, SORTA.. EVEN WITH MY RADI-OAT-ACTIVE POWERS, I'M NO MATCH FOR THE REALLY BIG PROBLEMS. LIFE IS TOO BLINKIN' SHORT, NOSE!!

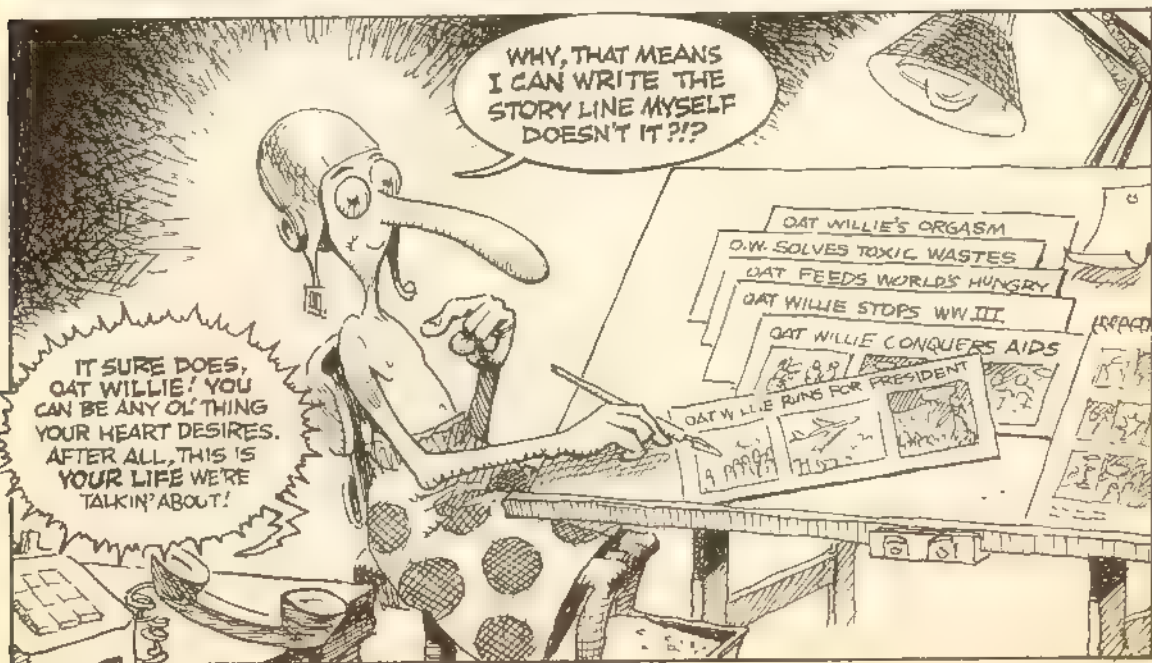
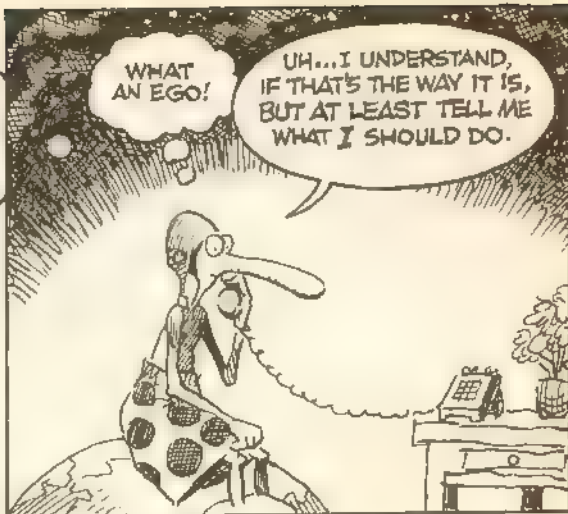


HEY, MAN! I'VE DONE YOU A FAVOR WITH TH' SHORT LIFE-SPAN BIT. YOU HUMANS CAN'T CARRY TH' WURL'S WEIGHT FOR LONG.. THAT'S MY PART!

one thousand nine hundred eighty six, one thousand nine hundred eighty seven, one thousand....



HMM.. I GUESS THAT'S TRUE. PUFF!. BUT TELL ME, WILL IT ALL WORK OUT OKAY? PANT!. I MEAN, ARE YOU IN CONTROL OF TH' SITUATION?

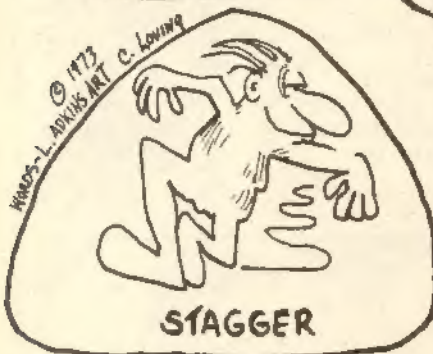
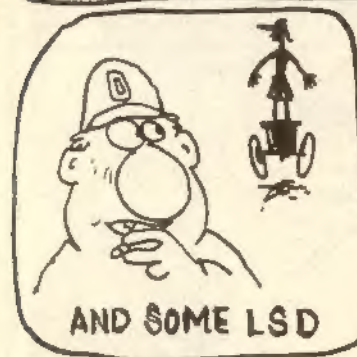




OAT WILLIE's Fight Song



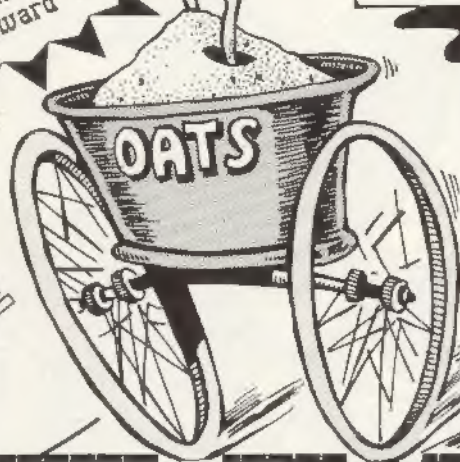
DRAG ME OUT TO THE FIELD



OAT WILLIE'S



**BIG 2 1/2" BUTTONS —
KEY RINGS —
COFFEE MUGS TOO!
ALL IN "Onward" STYLE**



ANNOUNCING

**OAT WILLIE'S
NEW CORDLESS
CATALOGUE
OF UNUSUAL
GIFTS AND TOYS
FOR KIDS OF
ALL AGES -
FREE WITH
YOUR ORDER,*
OR SEND \$2.⁰⁰,
REFUNDABLE
WITH YOUR
FIRST REMOTE
PURCHASE !!**

*Catalogue will be
mailed after Sept.
30, 1987

Here's my \$2 - Rush my Free Catalogue - Credit me \$2 on my first order!

Here's my order - Send my Free Catalogue Pronto!

Name _____
Street _____
City/State/Zip _____
____ Coffee Mugs @ \$7.99
____ 16" x 20" Back Cover Poster/Calendar
____ "Onward thru 80's" @ \$2.50
____ 4-Color Buttons @ \$1.25
____ Key Rings @ \$2.00

Send check or money order to:
Oat's Remotes, P.O. Box 13549,
Austin, TX 78711

SHIPPING & HANDLING
Under \$10...add...\$1.00
\$10.01-\$25.....\$2.00
\$25.01-\$50.....\$3.00
\$50.01-\$75.....\$4.00
Over \$75.....S&H Billed
Austin, TX res. add 7 1/4%
sales tax; other TX res. add
6 1/4% sales tax

**4-Color 100%
Cotton T-Shirts
@ \$10.95**

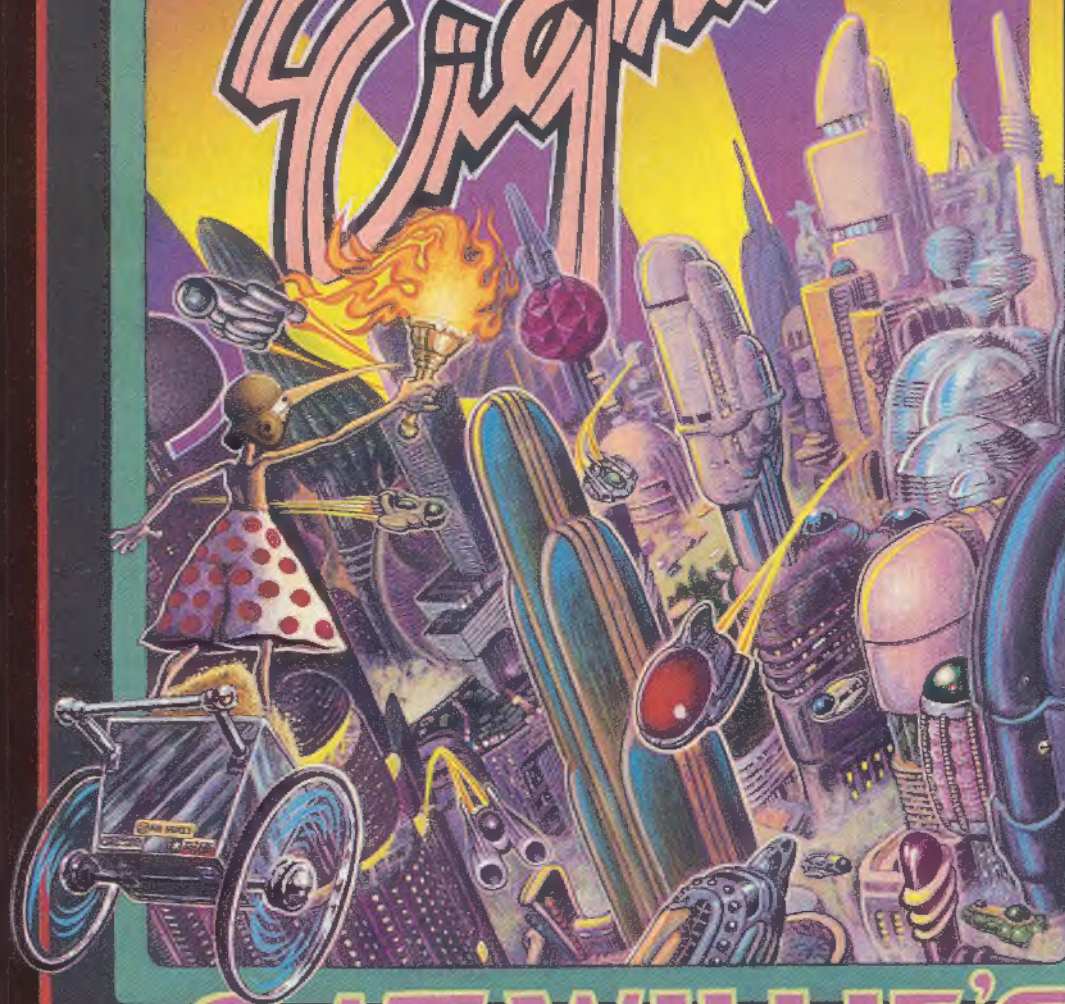
Onward _____ XL _____ L _____
M _____ S _____
Don't Mess _____ XL _____
L _____ M _____ S _____
One Oat _____ XL _____ L _____
M _____ S _____

TOTAL ORDER \$ _____
TAX \$ _____
S&H \$ _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

ONWARD

THRU THE

Electrical



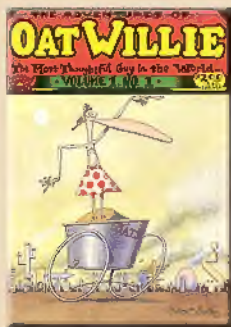
OAT WILLIE'S

NORTH OATS
9407 NORTH IH 35 832-8544

CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
617 WEST 29TH STREET 482-0630
AUSTIN, TEXAS

SOUTH OATS
1931 B. EAST OLTORF 448-3313

© 1980
MICHEL
PUBLIST



Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

The Adventures of Oat Willie Vol. 1, #1

Published 1987

1st edition

Austintatious, Inc.

\$2.00

36 pages

Printed of 7 copies

7" x 10"

ISBN:

Stories:

2 - untitled

3 - The Origin Of Oat Willie

18 - The Return Of The Governor's Words

20 - Oat Willie And His Friends

22 - Oat Willie Should Be Governor Of Texas

24 - Nunzio, Narc 13

26 - Back To The Present...

29 - Oat Willie's Mid-Life Crisis

34 - Oat Willie's Fight Song

35 - Oat Willie's New Cordless Catalogue (Ad)

36 - Onward Thru The Eighties

Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1, 18-21+, 22-23(a), 29-33+

Kerry Awn - 2

Marianne Wizard - 3-17+

Jack Jackson (= "Jaxon") - 3-17+

Joe Brown - 18-21+, 29-33+

Freddie "Flash" Freeman - 22-23(t)

Charlie Loving - 24-28, 34+

Lieuen Adkins - 34+

Dale Wilkins - 35

Micael Priest - 36

Comments:

n/a